

## IN THE HARDWARE STORE

Bald men  
admiring  
the heads  
of mops.

## THE STARS

Our humility returns  
when we try  
to count them.

## ORGASM

Over the waterfall  
in our  
boat of skin.

## AFTER RAIN

The wind  
rushing through  
the alley,  
making each puddle  
frown.

## DURING YOGA

While  
standing on my head  
I hear a plane  
overfeet.

## THE PIGEON-FEEDER

The pigeons  
carry away  
his bread,  
never  
his  
loneliness.

—Peter Bakowski

Richmond, Australia